

"No Novel Abstract Form," I Offer Eva + Olson

for Belle Gironde, January-February, 2014

I come forward to the reach of them,  
of *then*:  
your left grip pinching some granite  
ledge above your ear  
the sonic rest of it balanced on a foot

below: all is "on belay"  
thanks to a figure eight, an imagined cliff  
inside  
a constructed gym

YouTube gives  
Olson's gesture (fly ball's arc)  
then hand rushing back to forehead—caught  
out  
the face of it protected  
enough to slice space again

"piazzas" (buzz as a word, as women) rattling  
*mother*  
with a smile that is not Prague's  
Eva Kmentová, not her "Ruce"  
hands (plaster on wood, shot through 1968)  
flattened as postcard  
I send to you

to reuse time—scribble upon  
her palms his psalms  
Olson flays an arm left (the city) then right  
a falling to sea  
"the geography of it"  
the two  
rivers you write (New and Nile) flow north

on Vltava's banks  
Kmentová's hands hung  
at mouth height, say: surrender stops  
nothing  
everything  
a fragmentary cast, an imposing  
welter  
"all that I no longer am but am"

how near you is that other  
river? the undrinkable Dan  
toxic coal sludge coating activist's hand  
Appalachian voice  
you return  
to a state from/in emergency  
your "stopping of the bow"  
your inheritance

fly east, cross the pond, sleep  
at the foot of a bridge built in 1357  
Olson spreads early memory (letter 27)  
as tent as feast as feigned fight—a lobster  
picnic "a man for kicks" "roaring"  
loaf in the mouth "she laughing so sure"

Kampa Island houses Eva  
Kmentová bullets (20)  
the east most hand hit (4 times)  
we multiply all the missing  
the surely dead  
protest still hangs  
taste it every time Vltava's swans flap

folded wings  
unlike owl hieroglyphs (?)  
we  
hunted that January  
when Egypt's army was one  
hand

"a complex of occasions"  
we  
resist  
any corollary  
reach never enough  
so he is and isn't our lineage  
so Eva becomes our "incoming"  
correspondence  
as if kayaks—then, now—a fair distance  
from the drinking bear  
forms (of fear) another danger  
or a new shore

as if "there is no strict" "western motion"  
only skin "plus this"  
palm curled in pain  
held  
as barrier  
like Eva's later "Aggressive Cube"  
protruding crowd of digits  
singularly her pulse  
a geometric grove of dismembered fingers  
outnumbering  
demands to be  
counted, to be held  
accountable  
to touch  
our yield